THE

WEEKLY ENTERTIANER.

For MONDAY, April 12, 1802.

Affecting Anecdote of Staniſlaus Auguſtus, late King of Poland.

[From the new Edition of Coxe's Travels,]

I Cannot omit adding an intereſting anecdote which delicacy prevented me from diſcloſing during the lives of the perſons to whom it relates, as it diſplays the extreme ſenſibility of the king, and the reſtraint under which he laboured in the preſence of the Ruſſian ambaſſador.

" The king having condeſcended to ſhew us his villa, as he was conducting us through the upper ſuite of apartments, in company with Count Slaeklberg, I noticed a book on the library table, whichh contained the principal documents on the partition of Poland*. Expreſſing my curioſity to examine a publication on that intereſting event, the king interrupted me by placing his finger on his lips as an indication of ſilence, and paſſed into another apartment. At the concluſion of ſupper, one of his Majeſty's officers conducted me to the door of the library. On entering, I found the king alone, ſtanding by the ſide of the table. " I obſerved," he ſaid, pointing to the book, " that you teſtified great curioſity to examine this work. The abrupt manner in which I interrupted your enquiries might perhaps appear rude; but I was unwilling to converſe on the ſubject before the Ruſſian ambaſſador." He then, in an affecting tone of voice, and an animated ſtrain of eloquence, adverted to the menaces of the Pruſſian, Auſtrian, and Ruſſian courts.

" If I had time," he ſaid, " to expatiate on the ſecret hiſtory of that eventful period, and could deſcribe the menaces of

* " Recueil des Declarations," &c. 1773.

the Ruſſian ambaſſador, the perſonal mortifications which I endured, and the certainty of involving my family in ruin, had I refuſed my ſignature, it would perhaps extenuate my apparent want of firmneſs, which has been ſo much calumniated. This book contains the principal documents relative to that unfortunate tranſaction, and is the only juſtification of my conduct. You will find therein the declarations of the miniſters of the three powers, the anſwers of the Poliſh miniſters, and the four ſpeeches which I addreſſed to the Diet, in which you will perceive that I did not conceal my ſentiments, and that I openly teſtified my repugnance to the act of diſmemberment." He then recapitulated the heads of his celebrated ſpeech on the 10th of May. He dwelt with peculiar emphaſis on that part where he appealed to the nation at large, if he had ever broken a ſingle article of the Pacta Conventa. "I demand of you with the confidence of the prophet, my people, what have I done? Behold here I am, witneſs againſt me. Whoſe ox have I taken, or whom have I defrauded; whom have I oppreſſed, or of whoſe hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes, and I will reſtore it to you." "Here," he added, "I ſat down, and had I been guilty of oppreſſion or fraud, doubtleſs numbers would have accuſed me; for I was without ſupport, and almoſt without a ſingle friend to ſpeak in my favour. A dead ſilence for more than ten minutes enſued; I then roſe again, and concluded my juſtification."

During this ſcene, the violence of his emotions almoſt ſtifled his voice, and tears ſtreamed down his cheeks. Haſtily taking up the book, he put it into my hands, adding, "This is my only apology; read it, and judge of my conduct; and I am happy in preſenting it to an Engliſhman whom I eſteem." He then bowed; and I retired.

The impreſſion of this affecting ſcene will never be eraſed from my memory; and I keep this work as a relic of this amiable and unfortunate monarch.

Letters written during an Excurſion through France to Geneva.

LETTER II.

Paris, December 6.

(Continued from Page 266.)

AFTER many a hard knock on the pavé we arrived in this celebrated city at four o'clock, on the 30th ult. I am afraid, my friend, you will expect a great deal more information from me reſpecting it than I ſhall be able to afford you. "Parlez

lez plus lentement, mon ami," is ever in my mouth: but theſe Frenchmen have ſuch an overwhelming volubility, and their words follow each other with ſuch a racing rapidity, that I cannot comprehend one half they ſay, and of courſe loſe a great deal of the information which I am ſo deſirous to obtain.

But come, we muſt not anticipate: you have accompanied me no further than Amiens, and that is a long way from Paris. Crack, crack, away we go then, the poſt-boys each ſmoaking a pipe, and whiffing their unceremonious volumes in our faces, for the wind is unfortunately againſt us. Really theſe French poſt-boys are the moſt ridiculous looking wretches, in the world: imagine to yourſelf a fellow with a parti-coloured woollen-cap on, a large flapping hat over it, with a national cockade peeping above the ribband which ſurrounds it; his boots well hooped with iron, about the ſize of my portmanteau, and of rival inflexibility, each armed with a large ruſty ſpur, placed midway of its altitude. Thus equipped, he lifts laborioufly one leg into the ſtirrup, and deſcribes the arch of a mighty circle with its well-poiſed brother, which falls by its own weight, and is recieved by the oppoſite ſtirrup: fairly ſeated, he amuſes himſelf for the firſt five minutes with liſtening to the muſic of his whip, which with great ſtrength and adroitneſs he flouriſhes over his head, occaſionally reminding his cattle that, whether they can or cannot go—go they muſt. The poſt-boys ſeem very ſenſible of their elevation in the world, and of the ſtate with which they travel; nor are theſe circumſtances loſt upon the poor foot-paſſengers, who are continually pulling off their hats or touching their red caps to the former, who generally receive this obeiſance as a matter of right rather than of courteſey, for they very rarely condeſcend to return the attention. But enough of the poſt-boys.

From Amiens to Beauvais the road runs through Breteuil, which hangs on the brow of a hill, and is ſeen to great advantage during the long deſcent which leads almoſt to the foot of the town: we had a very pleaſant ride to this place, and I remember very well being ſtruck with ſeveral ſucceſſive landſcapes, the ſoftneſs and ſerenity of which impreſſed upon them the characters of beauty: once or twice the ſun chanced to break through ſome paſſing clouds, and the light and ſhade fell on the ſwelling plains, and gave them the momentary verdure of ſpring.

After travelling over ſome very good road, and ſome very bad, we arrived in the evening, or more ſtrictly ſpeaking, in the night, at Beauvais, where we were well accommodated by a neat, lively, nimble-footed, old landlady, at the Hotel de Londres; it was Sunday, and having been repeatedly told in England from very high authority, (to which I ever pay profoundeſt reverence), that religion was expatriated from the territories of

the French republic, I was a good deal ſurpriſed to ſee her venerable form, attired with becoming ſimplicity, the object of adoration to the young and the old. On this ſubject I ſhall endeavour to obtain more information, and communicate it to you at ſome future opportunity.

From Beauvais, which we left in the morning before it was fairly light, we proceed to Paris, and find the country materially improved; we paſs through a few vineyards, which ſkirt the road on either ſide, and are completely unprotected by any fence: indeed, what I ſhould call a good fence is not to be ſeen between Calais and Paris. The farmer, however, it muſt be acknowledged, has little reaſon to fear the depredations of ſtock, either on his vineyards or his corn-fields: in theſe two hundred miles which we have travelled, perhaps we may have ſeen half a ſcore flocks of ſheep, each containing nine or ten ſcore: we may, perhaps, have ſeen half a dozen petty droves of half-ſtarved awkward-looking pigs, and we may, perhaps, have ſeen thirty or forty cows. Not a ſingle bullock, not a ſingle calf: and you will be ſtill more ſurprized to hear, that four or five Engliſh farm-yards, would exhibit more corn-ſtacks than I have been able to diſcover in the whole of my journey hither: from its preſent appearance, an Engliſh commander would certainly not think the country we have paſſed through worth the trouble of invading—Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator—And yet it is not thus; for proviſions are cheap, and therefore, it is to be preſumed, are plentiful. At Calais I enquired of a market woman the price of a turkey, which weighed eight pounds (the French pound is eighteen ounces): ſhe aſked three livres, and perhaps it is not very unreaſonable to believe that Milord Anglois, who is every where ſuppoſed to travel for the ſole purpoſe of getting rid of his money, was complimented with an extra demand of one-third of the price. Now really famine cannot be ſaid to ſtare a man in the face when a turkey is to be bought even at three-pence a pound, and other things at a proportionable rate.

Approaching Paris, as approaching London, population rapidly increaſes: chateaux of a heavy and extenſive ſtructure thicken upon us, but we ſee none of thoſe ſnug country boxes, as they are emphatically called, for private gentlemen of moderate fortunes, who ſeek retirement and freſh air, which abound within twenty miles of London, and which are frequent all over England. This difference in the approach to the two moſt poliſhed capitals of Europe is very ſtriking, and gives a decided ſuperiority to our own country: I think there is a ſufficient ground for ſuſpicion, indeed, that that large and reſpectable portion of the community, cultivating their own eſtates, and reſiding on them, to the great advantage of the neighbourhood who in England are called country gentlemen, has no exiſtence

in

in France. It is well known that in this country, before the revolution, "the people bred under a proud, insolent, and grinding despotism," were a people "separate, and divided into classes by the strongest and harshest lines of distinction:" among them, "all that was advantageous in private acquisition, all that was honourable in public ambition was" not "equally open to the effect, the industry, and the abilities of all:" among them, "progress and rise in society and public estimation was" not "one ascending slope without a break or landing place;" it was not among the people of this country, as it is in England, where "no sullen line of demarcation separates and cuts off the several orders from each other, but where all is in one blended tint, from the deepest shade that veils the occupation of laborious industry, to the brightest hue that glitters in the luxurious pageantry of title, wealth, and power." Society here was divided into two parts only, the rich and the poor; and accommodations were suited to the division: they will order these things better now, it is to be hoped.*

I have already told you that we have passed through some vineyards in our journey hither: however delightful and heart-cheering may be the busy scene which they present during the vintage, I confess that in this winter season, kindly as it is, they have excited in my breast no exhilarating sensations. Take a walk with **** and ***** into your garden, and look at the raspberry-beds; conceive them to be extended over an uninterrupted surface of one or two hundred acres of land, and you have before your imagination the exact picture of a vineyard in December: the vine-plants are of about the same height with those of the raspberry, they have the same fox-coloured hue, are staked up in the same manner, but the rows are usually set at somewhat wider distances from each other. The plants are moulded up, I perceive, probably for the double purpose of draining off water and of defending the roots from severe frost; and altogether there appears to be more care and labour bestowed on the cultivation of vines than on the cultivation of corn.

Full trot, or rather I believe full canter, on the rough pavement, we pass through St. Dennis, the celebrated burial-place of the ancient kings of France! At last, almost every bone of our skin shaken out of its socket, we arrived at Paris: I really believe that the people thought we brought with us the news of peace from England, by seeing our courier, splashed to the very

* As nearly as I can recollect them, I have given you the words of Mr. Sheridan, in one of his speeches on the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. The many brilliant speeches of this accomplished orator are, I fear, irrecoverably lost to the public; at least I know not where any of them are to be found: I shall be happy if it is in your power to direct me to them.

very neck, riding full ſpeed into the city, and ourſelves with four horſes and two poſtillions driving after him at the ſame mercileſs rate: if ſo, the Pariſian populace was certainly not ſo riotous in its rejoicing as was the populace of London, who took the horſes from the carriage of M. Lauriſton, and dragged him to his hotel—we were ſuffered very quietly to drive to the Hotel de l'Europe, rue de Lycée, where we are by this time pretty well ſettled.

If I had not been a good deal uſed to the noiſe, confuſion, and turbulence of London, I ſhould probably have been ſtruck with the far inferior noiſe, confuſion, and turbulence of Paris: the houſes are very lofty, five, ſix, and ſeven ſtories high; the buildings, private as well as public, are of ſtone, and have of courſe an appearance of ſolidity and grandeur, of which London cannot boaſt, where you know, although many public edifices, and ſome private houſes, are of ſtone, the maſs of buildings is compoſed of white brick, or at leaſt of brick that was once white: cui color albus erat, &c. Paris, however, wants that livelineſs which the elegant ſhops of London afford by day, and that brilliancy which its lamps afford by night. One large ſolitary lamp, juſt ſufficient to make darkneſs appear more viſible, ſuſpended in the centre of the ſtreet by a rope, which is attached to two oppoſite houſes, is all the light theſe purblind Pariſians are indulged with, for the diſtance of two or three hundred yards! Bonaparte, the tutelary deity of the republic, as he is perhaps juſtly conſidered by the French people, is contemplating, I underſtand, to afford a better illumination to the city.

(To be continued.)

GENERAL REVIEW *of* POLITICS,

For March, 1802.

FRANCE.

EUROPE at large ſeems diſſatisfied with many of the late meaſures of the Chief Conſul, particularly his acquiſition of the iſland of Elba from Tuſcany, and his election to the preſidency of the Italian republic; but the diſſatisfaction will probably terminate for the preſent in empty murmurs.

The French miniſter of police Fouche, has ſent a letter to a prefect of one of the departments (a ſimilar letter in all probability has been ſent to every other prefect) relative to the emigrants. The ſtricteſt vigilance is enforced with reſpect to them; "and though my inſtructions upon this ſubject," ſays the miniſter, "have always been ſo preciſe as to render it unneceſſary to add any thing to them at preſent, it is proved that it is not uſeleſs to repeat them."

The

The vice-preſident of the Italian republic has publiſhed a decree, by which the French calendar is aboliſhed, and the old, or Gregorian, calendar is reſtored, "out of reſpect to the habits of the people, and eſpecially for religious worſhip."

From abroad little intelligence of any kind has been received. St. Domingo is the theatre of action—towards which the eyes of moſt perſons are at this period directed. The French fleet has arrived there, and made a landing, but has met with conſiderable oppoſition. Touſſaint, who is at the head of the blacks there, was formerly an overſeer in the iſland, and is a mulatto. He appears, by every account which we have ſeen of him, to be a man of talents and no ſmall reſolution.

SWITZERLAND.

Authentic intelligence is arrived from Berne, dated the 1ſt of March, which ſtates, that this republic has at length another conſtitution aſſigned to it, by which it would appear theoretically, to be more independent of France than heretofore; but its practice yet remains to be proved. Its chief officers are not yet appointed: General Thureau is ſtill in the Valais. The following are the leading features of the new conſtitution:—The Helvetic republic is one.—Every citizen has the right of ſettling in any canton of the republic, and of exerciſing all the civil and political rights in the ſame manner as the citizens of the canton.

Berne is the capital of Helvetia. The Helvetic territory is divided into 21 cantons. The eccleſiaſtical property in general can be employed only for eſtabliſhments of religious inſtruction, or of charity.

There is a central adminiſtration of the republic for the exerciſe of the national ſovereignty, and an adminiſtration of the cantons. The adminiſtration of the cantons is compoſed of a diet and a ſenate. The diet is formed by the union of repreſentatives from all the cantons, in the following proportions:—Berne 6, Zurich 2, Lucerne 5, Uri 1, Schwitz 3, Underwalden 1, Zug 1, Glarus 1, Soleure 2, Fribourg 3, Baſle 2, Shaffhauſen 1, Appenzel 2, Saint Gall 4, Turgovia 2, Argovia 2, Baden 2, Vaud 4, Griſons 1, Teſſin 3, Valais 2—Total 50 repreſentatives, The members of the diet remain five years in office. The diet is to aſſemble regularly every year on the 1ſt of March. It ſhall be extraordinarily convoked by the ſenate when the majority of the cantons require it, or when itſelf ſhall judge that meaſure neceſſary. The preſident of the diet ſhall be the landamtman who is not in office. He has a caſting vote, in caſe the votes ſhall be equally divided. A deputation of four members from the ſenate ſhall aſſiſt at the diet, and ſhall take part in its deliberations, but without having a right to vote.

The ſenate is compoſed of two landamtmans, two ſtadtholders or lieutenants, and twenty-ſix counſellors. Each canton muſt have

have at leaſt one member in it. The ſenate forms the projects of laws and regulations, and ſubmits them to the ſanction of the cantons. The two landamtmans and their lieutenants have the direction of foreign affairs. The ſenate names and recalls diplomatic agents, on a propoſition from the landamtmans. The landamtman in office is to receive a ſalary of 16,000 livres, Swiſs currency; the ſecond landamtman, his two lieutenants, and the members of the petty council, 6000 livres; thoſe of the ſenate 4000. The ſenate may adjourn for three months. During this interval the petty council exerciſes the executive power.

TURKEY.

Authentic intelligence has arrived from Conſtantinople, dated the 25th of January, announcing from the laſt letters from Alexandria, that the Engliſh troops continued to occupy that place; their commandant having ſtrictly forbidden any veſſel from leaving the port, and Turkiſh ſhips were alſo forbidden to enter it.

The murder of the pacha of Belgrade has made a great impreſſion on the ſultaun, and ſeveral councils of ſtate have been held in conſequence. It is now confidently ſaid, that an army of 60,000 men will march immediately againſt Paſwan Oglou, and the inſurgents in Belgrade. Whether the captain pacha will command this army is, as yet, uncertain.

GREAT-BRITAIN.

It is with ſincere ſatisfaction (which every true friend to peace and humanity muſt experience), that we are this month able to announce to our readers, from official authority, the glad tidings of the arrival of the Definitive Treaty from Amiens. We have been long in anxious expectation for the conſummation of this moſt deſirable object: and are fully perſuaded that every true lover of his country will cordially join with us in the earneſt prayer that it may be long before the diſcordant ſounds of war are again heard, and that this country may long experience the bleſſings of peace, of an extenſive commerce, and of the enjoyment of true Britiſh liberty.

The Definitive Treaty was ſigned at Amiens, on the 27th of March, 1802, by the plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, France, Spain, and Holland.

The firſt pleaſing effect of peace was the enabling Mr. Addington officially to give notice, that he ſhould relieve the nation from the oppreſſion of the income tax by moving for its repeal; a tax which is very generally diſliked, and for the repeal of which petitions have been reſolved on from London, Weſtminſter, Southwark, Saliſbury, and many other places.

Another bleſſing we hope will ſoon follow the return of peace —a plentiful ſupply of the neceſſaries of life at reaſonable prices.

Narrative

Narrative of the Life of Joſeph Wall, Eſq. formerly Governor of Goree.

(Concluded from Page 271.)

CONSIDERABLE intereſt was made to procure a pardon for Governor Wall; but his majeſty, with that firmneſs and impartiality which he has exhibited on various occaſions, when the good of ſociety required that the law ſhould take place, was determined that juſtice ſhould have its regular courſe. The relationſhip of his wife to the noble families of Norfolk, Stafford, Seaforth, and Galway, and the influence uſed by them in his favour, proved ineffectual.

Accordingly, after being twice reſpited, the ſentence was carried into execution, on Thurſday, January 29. For ſeveral days previous to his ſuffering, the Old Bailey, with the adjacent avenues, exhibited, at intervals, a ſcene of confuſion, by the reſort of people of all deſcriptions, anxious to learn the final reſult of the privy council, who had held ſeveral deliberations on the conduct and caſe of the late unhappy priſoner.

One of the ſheriffs, on the day before his execution, waited upon Lord Pelham, Secretary of State for the Home Department, to know whether or not a farther reſpite or pardon was in contemplation, when his lordſhip ſtated that there was little or no hope; and therefore deſired, that, ſhould the ſheriffs not receive official orders from him to the contrary, the ſentence was to be carried into execution in the uſual manner in the morning. This was at once determining the fate of the governor, and every preparation was made accordingly.

Mrs. Wall, the wife of the priſoner, accompanied by her ſiſter, Mrs. Howard, a near relative of the Duke of Norfolk, went to the priſon on Wedneſday evening. The former only ſaw him; and, about eleven o'clock, ſhe took an affectionate adieu of her huſband. The ſcene ſhewed the tender ſenſibility which they poſſeſſed in favour of each other. They at laſt parted, never to meet more; and, in this trying interview, when the mind is engaged in teſtimonies of the greateſt endearments, they acquitted themſelves with that intereſting pathos and affection which defy the powers of language to repreſent.—In an agony of deſpair, his laſt words to his beloved partner were—"God bleſs you, my dear! take care of my children; and endeavour to repreſent me to them in as favourable a way as poſſible!" The ladies then abruptly retired; and Mrs. Wall, when paſſing Mr. Kirby, ſaid, in a diſconſolate and frantic tone of voice—"Mr. Kirby, there are ſtill hopes, and I am informed that the council have not yet broke up!" Mr. Kirby obſerved—"Madam, I wiſh your hopes may be fulfilled; but it is now a late hour, and I have not received any orders!" The two

ſiſters then, in a ſtate too ſhocking to deſcribe, drove off in Mrs. Howard's carriage.

The governor paſſed the remainder of his exiſtence in much anxiety. About two o'clock in the morning, he ſaid to the two men who had conſtantly attended him in the condemned cell ever ſince his ſentence—" 'Tis a very long night—I wiſh much for the particular period when I am doomed to ſettle my laſt accounts."

In a few minutes after, he obſerved—" I moſt earneſtly requeſt that I may not be pulled by the legs when I am ſuffering, but that the fatal cord may be placed properly, and that I may be allowed to depart as fairly and eaſily as is conſiſtent with my ſentence!"

The erection of the ſcaffold commenced a little after four o'clock, by torch-light, and was completed ſoon after ſeven, except the black hanging, which is not permitted to be diſplayed, nor the priſon bell to toll, for the departure of any one convicted of murder.

The crowd began to commence at the early hour of five o'clock; about ſix there appeared at leaſt ſeven or eight thouſand; in ſeven more than three times the number; and, in three quarters of an hour after, the whole ſtreets adjoining, viz. Snow-hill, St. Sepulchre's, Newgate, the Old Bailey, and even Ludgate-hill, were filled with ſpectators from all parts of the town, to the number of at leaſt fifty or ſixty thouſand—ſome ſay a hundred thouſand. Mr. Canar, the city marſhal, was at this time uncommonly active in arranging the conſtables, and giving the neceſſary orders.

The priſoner then prepared himſelf for his fatal exit. He returned thanks to his two attendants for the care which they had teſtified ſince his conviction; and expreſſed his warmeſt obligations to the ſheriffs for their great politeneſs and unremitting aſſiduities during his unhappy confinement. He bowed gently around to all within his view; and, raiſing his head and eyes towards Heaven, while he extended his arms in the ſame direction, he fervently exclaimed—" Your humane attentions, my good friends, demand my very beſt acknowledgements!" The priſoner then uttered—" I am now ready!"

About four minutes before eight o'clock, Governor Wall, attended by Mr. Kirby and the proper officers, came out of the priſon by the debtor's door, and was advancing, with ſteadineſs and compoſure, on the platform, in the front of Newgate, when his fortitude was ſhocked by the loud and indignant ſhouts of the multitude, who, as if in contemptuous triumph, gave three diſtinct huzzas. They all, as if animated by one ſentiment, pulled off their hats at the ſame time, accompanying their ſhouts and exclamations by groans and hiſſes; and, from St. Sepulchre's to Ludgate-hill, for two or three ſeconds, the crowd expoſed

poſed their bare heads, holding up their hats as if in teſtimony of reprobation of the priſoner's conduct.

After repeating the firſt ſentence of the creed with the Rev. Dr. Ford (the ordinary), Governor Wall was launched forth into eternity. As he was ſcarcely allowed time to finiſh the ſentence, it is believed that his abrupt exit was occaſioned by ſome miſtake or accident. He hung two or three minutes without any other ſign than the mere vibration of the body from one ſide to another, when the ſtrongeſt convulſions were obſervable, and which, continuing for more than twenty minutes, an order was given to pull his legs, and thus relieve him at once from this dreadful ſtate. This aroſe from the improper tying of the rope behind his head, inſtead of placing it under his right ear. After hanging the uſual time, the body was delivered to the ſurgeons for diſſection. When cut down, the multitude gave another ſhout of approbation.

The conduct of the ſpectators on this occaſion was truly diſgraceful to any civilized country. However much they might have deteſted the criminal, and however ſtrongly they might have approved of his condemnation and puniſhment, they ought not to have outraged the rules of decency by a conduct of which even ſavages in the moſt barbarous ages would have been aſhamed.

Governor Wall was in the 64th year of his age; of a ſtrong and robuſt appearance; and was between ſix feet three and four inches high. He was, with ſome trifling variation, executed in the ſame clothes in which he was tried. The dreſs conſiſted of a light-coloured coat, a ſort of mixture; ſtriped woollen waiſtcoat, with an under flannel one of the ſame; and dark grey pantaloons, with ſhoes. He had a white handkerchief on his head, and a ſtriped one in his hand. From the dirty appearance of his garments, it was evident that they had ſuffered much by common uſage in the condemned cell, as we recollect that his cloathing was then attractively neat, if not elegant.

Could any doubt be entertained that Governor Wall ſuffered juſtly for having been the cauſe of the cruel death of Serjeant Armſtrong, the declaration of Surgeon Ferrit, made ſince the trial, in a letter to a friend, would remove it: He ſays, that if he had interfered in favour of Serjeant Armſtrong, any ſuch interpoſition, during the paroxyſm of rage and cruelty Governor Wall then diſplayed, would have been highly dangerous, if not fatal to himſelf, and fruitleſs to the ſufferer. Beſides which the orders to the other ſurgeons and himſelf were, not to preſume to give their opinion before it was aſked, when the governor was preſent.

Thus ſuffered a man who had been guilty of repeated acts of cruelty, who abuſed the truſt repoſed in him, and whoſe puniſh-

ment could not be remitted without tarniſhing the luſtre and juſtly boaſted impartiality of the Britiſh laws.

Account of Lord Somerville's Cattle Shew and Dinner, with Remarks.

IT is well known that the late cattle ſhews had become unpopular, and that the common ſenſe of the public could be no longer dazzled with thoſe huge living maſſes of blubber, which produced little elſe but tallow, at double the price of fine beef. It is ſuppoſed, that Lord Somerville, probably the original propoſer of the cattle ſhews, had repreſented this error of giving encouragement to the over-fattening of cattle, to the late Duke of Bedford; and it is certain his grace, by his candid and repeated declarations, was fully convinced that ſome change of ſyſtem in the buſineſs was neceſſary. Here we have Lord Somerville's motives for inſtituting a ſeparate exhibition, in which the annual ſums he ſo generouſly beſtows may be expended the moſt to the public advantage.

The conditions of Lord Somerville's annual prizes are as follow:—30l. to the beſt and 20l. to the ſecond-beſt yoke, or pair of oxen, which ſhall have worked together, for the ſpace of three years previous to their being turned up to graſs, aged from five to eight years, weighing from one hundred to one hundred and ſixty ſtone, (8lb. to the ſtone); ſuch being the ſize beſt adapted to labour and the average of markets. To be let up from work between April 25th and May 1ſt, 1802, and ſhewn at Langhorn's Repoſitory, Barbican, on Monday and Tueſday, neareſt March 1ſt, following. The order as to fleſh, in which theſe oxen are on New Year's-day, and the number of day's work done between that time and April 25th, muſt be ſpecified. Due allowance to be made for diſtance of drift from any part of the kingdom, both in a lean and fat ſtate. To be fed with no corn of any deſcription, or potatoes, and the quantity of oil cake given, to be accurately ſtated. This prize is deſigned to countenance farmers in their uſual courſe of profitable huſbandry; rather than thoſe who, forgetful of general benefit, are ambitious of keeping on cattle too long after they are ripe.

Another prize of 50l. in like proportion, and at the ſame time and place. 30l. will be given to thoſe who produce, in fair ſtore ſtate, the beſt five ewe hogs, not in lamb, viz. not exceeding thirteen, nor leſs than ten months old, when ſhewn. Alſo, for the five beſt fat wedders, four or ſix-toothed ſheep, 20l. of any ſhort, or clothing wool breed, whether horned or *natt*. This age does not exclude thoſe flocks which work in the fold, yet their growth ought to be perfect. Quality of carcaſe, aptitude to fatten,

quantity

quantity and quality of wool and meat per acre, to be conſidered. Sheep not to be taken from the flock more than ten days before the commencement of their journey, or forced beyond the average keep of the flock. No perſon gaining a prize is qualified to exhibit ſtock for the ſame prize the ſucceeding year. The prize for oxen to be divided between the grazier and the farmer, who poſſeſſed thoſe oxen during the laſt twelve month's work. The prize for ſheep to be given to the breeders only. The two pair of oxen are not to be ſlaughtered with the axe, but to be laid, or pitched, according to the uſage of other countries, for which purpoſe a ſkilful perſon will attend. Claimants for theſe prizes are requeſted to give notice to Mr. Langhorn, one month previous to the day of ſhew, and not to fail ſending in their ſtock, at or before ſeven on Monday morning. After nine o'clock, no entrance will be permitted.

Such are the conditions of the prizes for the ſucceeding year. The late ſhew at Langhorn's, a moſt convenient place for the purpoſe, conſiſted of ten yoke, or pairs of oxen, and of twelve pens of ſheep, the exhibition of which continued from Friday until Tueſday, during which time, Lord Somerville gave conſtant and unremitting attention, highly gratifying every perſon preſent, even to the meaneſt, by the affability of his demeanour, and his readineſs to give information on every point. The cattle, conſiſting of Herefords, red Devons, Suſſex, Glamorgans, and the produce of French cows by a Pruſſian bull. His majeſty condeſcended to honour this exhibition, by ſending two yoke of oxen, one of which were of the celebrated breed of Glamorganſhire, ſo valuable for their activity in labour, their aptitude to fatten, and the fineneſs of their beef: the other, a powerful and well-bred pair of Herefords. A yoke of Herefords, the property of Mr. Weſtcar, of Oxfordſhire, generally ſuppoſed the beſt feeder in England, and, in truth, having ſome of the beſt feeding land to ſecond his ſkill, won the firſt prize. They were remarkably wide, ſubſtantial, and ſhort-legged cattle, and died very fat. The ſecond prize went to a pair of the red cattle, of great beauty and ſymmetry, belonging to H. Hoare, Eſq. to which they were intitled, for having attained a ſufficient ſtate of fatneſs upon graſs only, without the aſſiſtance of oil-cake. The two yoke of Meſſrs. Hudſon and King were ſingularly beautiful, and ſuppoſed by judges to be a true ſpecimen, in all the characteriſtic points, of the famous red cattle of the weſt, the oldeſt and pureſt breed upon the iſland. Theſe miſſed the ſecond prize, it is to be preſumed, from the circumſtance of their having had oil-cake. The foreign-bred pair were large, deep, of heavy bone, and had been remarkably good draught cattle. The Suſſex were large and heavy in the bone. There were, beſides, ſome beautiful fat heifers of the weſtern breed, and a large Alderney bull.

The

The ſheep were of the Ryeland, or Hereford, the South Down, and the Wiltſhire breeds, beſides a pen of the Diſhley, which being of the long-woolled ſpecies, were ſhewn only as correct ſpecimens of their kind. The Ryeland, alſo, Lord Somerville's, were exhibited; not with a view to the premium, but as a ſample of that ſpecies which he croſſes with the Spaniſh ram. They were of a very high form, remarkably white and delicate, and ſhewed indubitable tokens of the production of a valuable fleece. The firſt prize was adjudged to the Duke of Bedford's South Down lambs, which were allowed, on all hands, to be of thebeſt of that truly excellent and uſeful breed: the ſecond to Mr. Wells's Wiltſhire ſheep, a large and coarſe ſpecies, known in London by the name of horned-crocks. Lord Somerville's drag-cart alſo took the general attention, and it was regretted that the two-furrow plough had not been ſent for inſpection. The company ſeemed univerſally ſatisfied with this ſhew, and not a ſingle exclamation was heard againſt fat meat,

At the dinner, at the Crown and Anchor, in the Strand, were preſent, the Marquis of Sligo, preſident of the board of agriculture in Ireland; Lord Grimſtone; the Earls of Breadalbane, Winchelſea, and Caſſilis; Colonel Fullarton; Dr. Anderſon; Meſſrs. Aſtley, Oakley, &c; Lord Somerville in the chair. His lordſhip made a very pertinent ſpeech, and particularly impreſſive, as it touched the critical ſituation of a noble duke, ſo juſtly dear to the company preſent. The toaſts were:—The King, with thanks for the honour his majeſty had done the exhibition—The Queen and royal family—The Duke of Bedford, and the ſpeedy reſtoration of that health which is ſo valuable to his country—The umpires—The plough—The fleece-breeding in all its branches—Improved huſbandry and increaſing commerce, long may their intereſts be inſeparable. The noble chairman then, with an elegant compliment to the exertions of literary men, in the cauſe of agriculture, gave "Dr. Anderſon;" and afterwards "The Author of the New Farmer's Calendar, unfortunately abſent." The concluding toaſt, "PEACE AND PLENTY."

Anecdotes of the celebrated Miſs Robertſon, late of Blackheath.

[From a Pamphlet lately publiſhed, written by herſelf.]

"HER father," ſhe ſays, "was, at the time of his marriage, an oilman, reſident in Horſley-down, but both he and her mother are repreſented as very deficient in the diſcharge of their parental duty. When about ſixteen years of age, Miſs Robertſon engaged as teacher in a boarding-ſchool at Richmond, from which ſituation ſhe became a principal, at the age

age of eighteen, in a ſeminary of her own at Chelſea. Here ſhe failed, in conſequence of pecuniary difficulties, in which ſhe was involved by her father, and ſhe went to Scotland as governeſs to the daughters of the late Hon. Mr. Cunningham. A mutual affection grew up between her and the preſent Colonel Cunningham, the brother to her pupils: but his father refuſing his conſent to their union, ſhe left the family, and having paſſed through ſeveral ſituations, at length engaged (in 1795) as partner in a ſchool with Miſs Sharpe at Blackheath.

"In the mean time Mrs. Cunningham, who had conceived a great affection for her, died, having bequeathed her, among other things, the eſtate of Faſkally, near Blair, in Perthſhire. Mr. Cunningham, the father, having alſo died, and her lover thus become a free agent, her matrimonial hopes began to revive. The houſe at Blackheath being out of repair, and the leaſe on the point of expiring, Miſs Sharpe and ſhe agreed to leave it, and took a houſe in the Paragon in their joint names. It was on this houſe her debts are aſſerted to have been incurred, and in the ſtyle and manner of fitting it up ſhe had a view to her union with the colonel. The work, however, went on ſlowly, and Miſs Sharpe and ſhe went to Margate, taking with them Mr. Creeſy, until the Paragon-houſe ſhould be ready for their reception. In the mean time anonymous letters were written to the colonel, then in Ireland, reflecting on her character, and charging her with an improper connection with Mr. Creeſy.

"Theſe are aſſigned as the cauſe for the colonel's neglecting to renew his addreſſes with all the ardour and expedition that were expected. Being unable to diſcharge with punctuality the great expence incurred in fitting up the houſe, her ſolvency became ſuſpected, and her creditors came down and poſſeſſed themſelves of all her property in a manner, according to her ſtatement, very oppreſſive."

Particulars reſpecting ſome Curioſities lately arrived from Egypt,

THE conqueſt of Egypt, independent of its political conſequences, has enriched our country with a number of rare and ancient monuments, ſome entirely perfect, and of the higheſt and moſt undoubted antiquity. Colonel Turner has brought home with him in his majeſty's ſhip Egyptienne, a very large block of black granite, found by Menou, at Roſetta, and intended to be ſent by that general, the firſt convenient opportunity to France. It is charged with three inſcriptions, in different languages and characters, commemorating a gift of corn from Ptolemy Philadelphus to the inhabitants of that part

of

of the country; particularly mentioning Memphis, and the month Mechir, the ſixth month in the Egyptian year. The firſt inſcription is in hieroglyphics, the ſecond in old Coptic, or vulgar character of the ancient Egyptians, and the laſt in Greek capitals. All three are tolerably perfect, and the two laſt but tranſlations, it may reaſonably be ſuppoſed, of the firſt. With this was alſo brought a ſtatue of Iſis, of the ſame material, ſquatted, and her arms croſſed over her breaſt; in the right hand an ear of corn; and between her knees the figure of Oſiris, in his funeral cheſt, as ſhe is ſaid to have diſcovered him after his murder, by Typhon.—Theſe two maſſes, deſtined for the Britiſh Muſeum, are at preſent in the library of the Society of Antiquaries, by whom it is propoſed to publiſh fac-ſimiles of the inſcriptions.

Three ſarcophagi of extraordinary workmanſhip were alſo brought over by Colonel Turner. The coloſſal ſtatue of the Eleuſinian Ceres, the work of Phidias, given by Pericles to her temple at Eleuſis,, has been removed thence by two gentlemen of Jeſus College, Cambridge, on their travels in Greece; and is ſent to England, as a preſent to their univerſity. This immenſe figure was firſt diſcovered by Sir George Wheeler, in the 17th century. It is of the moſt exquiſite ſculpture, but has ſuffered ſome injury.

RECEIPT *for the* CURE *of the* CANCER.

By C. G. JENNER, of Burbage, Wilts.

TAKE one part of red lead, in fine powder, and two parts of hog's lard; mix them well together, and with the ſalve thus prepared, ſpread on lint, dreſs the cancerous ſore twice a day.

Mr. Jenner ſays he is the more ſolicitous for the publication of this receipt, having lately been a witneſs to its happy influence in curing a moſt inveterate cancer in the lip of a perſon now living in his neighbourhood, and to whom a perſonal reference can be given if required. He has alſo heard of ſeveral other inſtances of its wonderful efficacy from the moſt reſpectable authority.

On DEATH.

IF we expect to retire from life with comfort and ſerenity, we muſt carefully prepare for that ſolemn event, and frequently make it a ſubject of meditation. To the beſt of men the expectation of ſuch a change is truly ſolemn, and replete with horror to the habitually vicious and abandoned.

A RE-

A REFLECTION.

THE return of peace, among many other good effects, will, it is to be hoped, be attended by a return of that politeneſs and good will to other nations which the war has long interrupted, and which is ſo eminently calcuted to promote the general good.

AN ANECDOTE.

A Very intereſting circumſtance lately took place in the commune of Solback, on the right bank of the Rhine. Two children, one three, the other four years old, had wandered from home in the morning, and loſt themſelves in a place called the Shinthal. Their parents ſoon miſſed them, and ſought for them in the greateſt diſtreſs of mind the whole day. They were not to be found. Night came on, their alarms and anxiety increaſed, and all their neighbours came to their aſſiſtance. The tocſin was rung in the neighbouring communes, and all the inhabitants, armed with guns, lanterns, and dogs, ſearched every valley, hill, and dale. It was a ſingular ſight to ſee ſo many lights wanderings over the mountains at midnight. No tidings were heard, no traces obtained of the innocent wanderers. At length their own dog, who had accompanied the parents, came running to them. He had traced the footſteps of the children in the ſnow, and dragging the father by the coat, conveyed the parents to their babes, who were lying in each other's arms on the ſnow. The boy had his arms thrown over his little ſiſter, whoſe head he had lodged in his neck to keep her warm. They were both faſt aſleep!

Imagination may conceive, but language is inadequate to deſcribe, the delight of the parents. Guns were fired to announce to the whole village the happy diſcovery, and the children were brought home in triumph. The hands of the little girl, and her breaſt, had ſome warmth in them. The boy was as cold as the ſnow on which he lay: they were ſoon recovered. Had they remained all night in their ſnow-bed, they muſt inevitably have periſhed.

Anſwer, by J. B. Chivers, Teacher of the Mathematics at St. Auſtell, to Serjeant Thomas Bullock's Queſtion, inſerted the 20th of July, 1801.

LET a=70; b=,3183, the diameter of a circle whoſe circumference is unity; and c=1.4142, the diameter of a circle, the ſide of whoſe inſcribed ſquare being unity, then will a b c= 31.5097902 feet, the diameter; the half whereof is 15.7548951 feet, the radius of the circle ſought.

Anſwer, by J. Willcocks, Jun. of Plymouth Dock, to F. M.'s Charade, inſerted February 8.

WOMEN to *chatter* are inclin'd;
The foreign word you mean is *ton*;
Which if combin'd, at once we find
The name of tuneful CHATTERTON.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from C. B. W. near Taunton; C. Mackey, of Plymouth; H. Humphreys, E. Moon, J. Squance, William Strong, and T. Whicker, of Exeter; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; Juvenis, of Dorcheſter; R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh; and Pentreath, of Mouſehole.

Anſwer, by J. Squance, Exeter, to T. Whicker's Charade, inſerted February 15.

SURELY it claims a Bloomfield's lay
To praiſe the SHEEP-FOLD's ſcene ſo gay.

*** We have received the like anſwer from E. Moon, W. Strong, Henry Humphreys, and R. Sowdon, of Exeter; J. Lewis, of Poole; H. H. Tullidge, Juvenis, and W. England, of Dorcheſter; C. Mackey, of Plymouth; R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; and Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers.

Anſwer, by J. Lewis, of Poole, to E. Penny's Charade, inſerted February 15.

YOUR two, when join'd, I make no doubt,
A WEATHER-GLASS they will point out.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from T. Adey, of Poole; W. Mann, and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; C. Mackey, of Plymouth; J. Smith, E. Moon, J. Squance, W. Strong, T. Whicker, H. Humphreys, and Robert Sowdon, of Exeter; R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh; G. H. near Bridport; C. C. of Linkinhorne; and Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers.

A REBUS, *by J. Sweetman, near Lyme.*

MY firſt in news too oft is told;
A plant of many leaves unfold;
The third, a female beaſt, deſcry;
Under the laſt we all muſt lie:
The initials join'd in order true,
A town will then be brought to view.

A REBUS, *by Pentreath, of Mouſehole.*

A Poet's name you'll firſt unfold;
An aged father muſt be told;
An animal you'll next deſcry,
Or what deſcendeth from on high;
My next with terror you will hear
When that moſt dreadful day appears;
A well-known fiſh you'll next declare;
And then a goddeſs will appear;
A river next you'll bring in ſight;
And every Britiſh tar's delight:
The initials, if aright you join,
'Twill bring to light an Engliſh coin.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

ALLEN *and* EMMA:

Or, The DEPARTING SOLDIER.

WHEN dire war, each ill begetting,
Threaten'd us with dread alarms,
Allen, thus his fate regretting,
Rush'd into his Emma's arms.

"All our hopes are now departed,
"I muſt quit my native home;
"Leaving you, Ah! broken-hearted,
"In a hoſtile land to roam.

"I muſt go where cannons rattle,
"And the mimic lightnings fly;
"In the dread, deſtructive battle,
"Where loud ſhrieks aſcend the
"ſky!

"But, my fair! be not affrighted,
"Nor capricious fortune blame;
"Since our hearts are ſo united,
"Ever to remain the ſame.

"Tho' I may be abſent from you,
"'Midſt the martial thunder's roar,
"All my thoughts will ſtill be on you,
"I ſhall love you ſtill the more.

"Then, O! never be dejected,
"Nor with ſorrow be depreſs'd;
"If my life's by Heaven's protected,
"We ſhall yet in love be bleſt.

"When the fierce, contending nations
"All unite in bands of peace,
"Fill'd with pleaſing expectations
"Each will ſeek his native place.

"Then, with love my boſom burning,
"Happy ſource of pure delight!
"See me joyfully returning,
"Come to bleſs your longing ſight."

Emma, as he thus addreſs'd her,
Liſten'd with a melting eye;
But ah! grief had ſo depreſs'd her,
She could only heave a ſigh.

Till, at laſt, in ſorrow muſing,
She uprais'd a wiſhful look;
And, each gleam of hope refuſing,
Thus in broken accents ſpoke.

"Will you thus of peace bereave me?
"Muſt you wander from your dear?"
As ſhe utter'd, "Do not leave me,"
Either eye let fall a tear.

"But, ah me!" ſhe added, ſighing,
"Faithful Allen!" if you muſt—
"May I be with you when dying,
"And convey you to the duſt."

Allen thus, with look expreſſive—
"Let not ſorrow ſo prevail;
"But rely on Him ſubmiſſive,
"Whoſe kind mercies never fail!

"He who over all preſideth,
"Ruling with a mighty arm;
"Each deſtructive weapon guideth,
"And can keep me ſafe from harm

"And when deathful fight is ended,
"Some kind meſſenger may ſay,
"He on whom your hopes depended,
"Has ſurviv'd the fatal day.

"Allen's fate is yet prevented,
"Heav'n preſerves your abſent
"ſwain;
"Lovely Emma! reſt contented,
"You will ſee him once again.

"But, my fair, if death *ſhould* meet me,
"Unextinguiſh'd is the flame;
"Sure I never can forget ye,
"In life or death 'tis all the ſame.

"For when death the blow hath given,
"Still my heart remaineth true;
"And when life I yield to Heaven,
"My laſt prayer ſhall be for you."

With theſe words he felt affected,
As his fate he ponder'd o'er;
And with thoughts to Heav'n directed,
This he adds, and adds no more.

"Awful ſcene! O! how unpleaſing
"To my tender Emma's view!"
She her tearful eye upraiſing
In ſoft whiſpers, ſobs—"Adieu!"

THOMAS JARVIS.

Malborough, 1802.

Elegy: Written in Poet's Corner, Weſtminſter Abbey.

Written between the Age of Twelve and Sixteen, by J. H. L. HUNT, late of the Grammar-ſchool, Chriſt's Hoſpital.

IN this cold ſolitude, this awful ſhade
Where ſleeps the lyre of many a tuneful breath,

The

The ghaſtly ſhroud, the duſt diſturbing ſpade,
Invite the ſhudd'ring thought to gloom and death.

Yet, while my careful feet ſlow pace along
O'er the dumb tales of learning and of fame,
Remembrance ſond recals the poet's ſong,
And admiration points the chiſſel'd name.

To boaſt the wonder of attentive crowds,
And wrap the ſoul in extacied applauſe;
To reach futurity, that ſpurns the clouds,
And unlock harmony's enchanting laws.

For this the poet rolls his phrenſied eye,
And wakens rapture with his fairy hand;
For this he warbles tranſport to the ſky,
And pours enchantment o'er a thrilling land.

Live not, where Shakeſpeare lays his awful duſt,
The marble records of immortal fame?
Weeps not the muſe o'er Rowe's beloved buſt?
And ſpeaks not truth in Gay's untitled name?

Who boaſts of kings when bending o'er the ſhade
Where lies the harp ſublime of free-born Gray?
Who talks of pomp, or who of proud parade?
Where modeſt Thomſon drops his ſpotleſs lay?

If courts are nobler than the muſe divine,
Princes and lords had long uſurp'd the praiſe;
Some laurell'd Wilmot wanton'd but to ſhine,
Some Henry hoarded for immortal bays.

Yet, them no more ſhall admiration high,
Lift from the turf that triumphs o'er the clay;
For them no tear ſtands quiv'ring in the eye,
For them no boſom ſighs its plaintive lay.

Unwept, unpity'd, drooping to their doom,
They creep to death, nor leave a trace behind;
No plaintive heath, lamenting o'er the tomb,
But yon cold graſs that whiſtles to the wind.

Ye gorgeous worms that glitter in the ſun,
Ye worms of wealth, and vanity, and ſway;
Say, have ye ought of praiſe, of glory won,
That thus ye flaunt along your gaudy way?

'Tis not the ſplendour of the cheriſh'd hoard,
Pomp's carv'd atchievements, or the robe of power;
'Tis not the purple of a nation's lord
Can calm futurity's emblazon'd hour.

Foul av'rice watches but to gain a grave,
And haughty pride muſt bow to ſhrinking age;
Power has not learnt the ſtorms of death to brave,
And grandeur crumbles from her gorgeous ſtage.

The heart that loves, that is the friend of all,
And meek humility's unlordly breaſt,
Theſe are the beams that glitter o'er the pall,
And ſink reſplendent, like the ſun, to reſt.

And, ah! if e'er on them the muſe's eye
Shed the bright influence of her heav'nly fire;
Applauſe ſhall live for ever where they lie,
And one eternal triumph be their lyre.

HYMN *to* NATURE.

[From the German of Stolberg.]

HOLY nature! heav'nly fair!
Lead me with thy parent care;
In thy footſteps let me tread,
As a willing child is led.

When with care and grief oppreſs'd,
Soft I ſink me on thy breaſt;
On thy peaceful boſom laid,
Grief ſhall ceaſe, nor care invade.

O congenial pow'r divine!
All my votive ſoul is thine!
Lead me with thy parent care
Holy nature! heavenly fair!